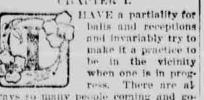


## PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

1 19 1 4 1 1 Copur phi, tiot, by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York

CLAPTER L.



selding attracts attention. It is an ex- cial value, collent time for inspecting basement

careless on such nights about locking ment all about the hall and rooms, but up, and the hostess and her guests al- I was unable to find anything that apways bring out their best jewels and pealed to my tastes. I passed from leave them loose on bureaus and man- one bedroom to another, with about telpieces after retiring. It may not the same result. I could hear the reghave struck the casual observer that "ular breathing of the occupants of the people sleep much more soundly after house, and a distant noise in the rear engaged in such a hazardous business longer time in retiring, but when ey- er. So long as that rhythmic sound erything is finally quiet about the continued I felt that I was safe from house it would take nothing less than all alarms. a pistol shot to rouse them. I suppose not dream of burglars.

outside in the shrubbery, and I grew from my lantern. from its general air and appearance I shape of solid silverware and family combination. irlooms was contained in it. Folshow them to her guests.

that kept me from giving up the job be. in disgues for I was tired and ex-

When the lights finally went out, I ther were a mask, and in the uncov- plunder. breathed easier and felt my courage ered eyes there was cool, deadly re- On the following afternoon I dressed returning. Everything promised to run solve written. It would have been myself in a spare suit of clothes which smoothly I had succeeded in dispos- foothardy for either to shoot, for the I always keep for an emergency and ing of the watchdog earlier in the life of the other would have been in- wandered out of the city limits toward evening and had discovered an unfas- stantly sacrificed. I waited a full min- the old fashioned mansion. As I aptened window opening into the coal- ute or two for the man to speak. room in the cellar, which I believed the servants would not think to lock bear the strain of silence longer, "you inspecting the premises with great so late at night.

concealed in its shadow, listened for



I saw that I was looking tuto the mouth

strange, almost inexpressible voices the dead of night. I do not know that anybody has ever noticed them, but I the breathing of the earth-if such a be quick." thing were possible-for they come in regular, rhythmic pulsations.

I crept along the side of the house until I reached the basement window, and, finding it unlocked, as I expected, I softly opened it and looked in. I was not positive that the window opened into the controom, but from the general appearance of things I felt make any mistake or misstep in the darkness, I lowered my bag of tools until it struck something which gave "And you will never recognize me forth a metallic sound. Swinging the if you should happen to meet me on bag back and forth, I succeeded in identifying the object as a tin pan,

tern outside, I lowered myself cautiously into the basement. Instead of room of the house. The odor from creum choese gave me such an over- exception of one slight qualification: powering appetite that I had to satisfy it before I could go any farther. By similar circumstances again. Then I groping around on the shelves I suc. might recall to you this meeting." ceeded in getting a pretty fair supply of food-milk and cream in abundance, he replied firmly. good cheese, several mince pies, some cake and cold ment.

and I did not regret the time I spent one-third of all I have collected. I be-In eating of that cold but tempting re- lieve that you will keep your part of past I would have felt better had I the agreement if I keep mine," discovered a bottle of good wine, but There was honesty written in his in its absence the fresh milk was a face, and I would have trusted him to

to the basement laundry was not half a minute after he had put his place. I new ventured to open a little means of it I found the stairs leading stant when I realized that he had to the ground floor. The servants' quarters were above me, and to avoid

arousing any one I removed my shoes. The house was spacious and roomy, find my way back again without blun | tion. dering. It is a poor general, I have al ways thought, who borns his bridges I asked in a title confusion behind him. More than once this care i

unpleasant complications. When I passed from the kitchen into balis and receptions the dining room, I was greatly surand invariably try to prised not to find any solid pieces of make it a practice to silver. Even many of the expensive be in the vicinity pieces of brie-a-brae that are usual to such houses were gone. It looked as if ress. There are al the hostess had anticipated robbery ways so many people coming and go- and had stripped the tables and maning that a stranger on the premises telpieces of every small article of spe-

Although disappointed, I made my windows, celiar doors and outbuild- | way upstairs, hoping to find some loose were signs of the feast and entertain. further need of each other," a ball than ordinarily. They are a told me that one man was a good snor. as mine could ever afford to be.

After making a detour of the rooms they are completely exhausted and I finally entered a small chamber that after the excitement of the evening do was used for storing linen and trunks. It occurred to me that possibly the One March night I waited until after missing things were packed away in 8 o'clock for one of these festivities to this room. I closed the door gently draw to a close. It was cold and raw, behind me and turned on the slide

importent at the lateness of the guesss As I did so I was suddenly startled otherwise. It gives the impression that in taking their departure. The house by the bright ray of some light shoots they are really doing something to capwas a large, old fashloned mansion ing out of the darkness. Instantly I ture the burglar. They are always so just outside of the city limits, and gresped my revolver and directed my close mouthed, too, that people imaglight toward the spot. The result of me they are working diligently on the knew that considerable wealth in the this movement was to produce a queer track and that the arrested characters

I saw that I was looking into the

seem to be ahead of me tonight, and 1 concern. Without hesitation I put him I waited a good hour after the last must congratulate you upon the neat- down as a detective, one of those half

The man was not inclined to answer clear as daylight. sounds. There was none, except those at first, but I continued in a reassuring | I felt no fear of him, for I knew Tolca

more than myself." some features of the man, but when he rest me.

not look like one of my set. "What kind of a truce do you want?" costed him.

an instant." "But you fail to notice mine." I answered. "A very slight pressure of the was robbed?"

your heart." I thought he turned a triffe paler, but

"I admit that and accept the situa- I'd look around a bit and see the tion. But tell me what terms you pro- house." pose for your truce." "Simply these: We should go into safe place just now for strangers."

partnership at least for tonight. I have had as much trouble in getting into the house as you, and I have run just as like to get a look at 'em." much risk, but you got ahead of me and made a complete job. I admire ignorance. the way you have done the work. which seem to come from nowhere in Even I couldn't do it better, and I don't place," he answered rather brusquely. think you belong to the class I"-

"Never mind that" he interrupted here you can march on." have always fancied that they were like Impatiently. "Stick to your terms and

"Well, to come straight to the point," I added, a little nettled at his abrupt stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harplunder you have collected. For your extra trouble you take two thirds and I one-third. Is that fair?"

He remained silent a moment

"If I agree to such a bargain, nothreasonably sure I was right. Not to ing further will ever be said of tonight's work?"

"Not a word." the street or anywhere else?"

I did not like this part of the bargain. As I was afraid to use my dark lan- for I believe that every one should be placed on the same level in such a busithe coal bin I found myself in the dairy himself up to being better than anness and that one man should not set newly made butter, fresh milk and other, but I finally assented, with the "Not unless we happen to meet under

"I do 't think that is likely to occur,"

Then is a urm, measured voice he

added: The night was early yet for my work, "Well, I'll trust you. I will give you

the extent of pocketing my revolver, but again he got ahead of me. I stood The door leading from the dairy room there covering him with my weapon locked, and I quietly entered the latter pistol in his pocket. A temptation to the slide of my dark lantern, and by penalty of death seized me for an in make him give everything to me under placed himself in my power. But that

same rich, musical voice suddenly recalled me to my bar ain. "Here, take this bag outside with and I had to take note of my surround you, and we will divide the thing ings as I proceeded, so that I might where there is less chance of detec-

"Have you been all over the house?"

He moved toward the door and started to open it. He turned an instant and asked: "How did you come in?"

"Through a cellar window," I replied. "A clumsy way when you could have entered by the front door,"

"Do you mean to say"- I began, "S-s-s-h, don't speak now, I'm opening the door. Follow me."

I never felt the power of a man so strangely before. I attributed it to the fact that I was in the presence of a master who put my feeble accomplishments entirely into the background, and yet I had prided myself upon my

successes! We walked stealthily down the stairs and out of the front door to the lawn. | their view. He carried a pack larger than mine. When we reached the shelter of a

clump of trees, we both stopped. "It is getting late, and it will be light soon," my strange companion said. "We must make our division quickly." In the same quick, masterful and, if I say it, honest way he made a division of the spoils, giving me more than one-

third. "Now, if you are satisfied, we will jewelry at least on the bureaus. There part," he said. "I think we have no

> but he waved me back, saving: "Good night. I must be going." He turned and walked rapidly through the gloom, leaving me standing there as nonplused as any man

I made a motion as if to follow him.

CHAPTER II.



ENERALLY I do not tarry long in the vicivity of a house that I have looted, for the police have an unpleasant way of arresting suspicious characters simply to

cover up their inability to find a clew form a part of their deeply laid plan.

But in this case I overruled my betlowing the custom of the day, the host. mouth of a revolver held in the hands ter sense and decided to hang around ess would, I thought, bring all these of a man who was inspecting me by the scene of my last engagement just relies from their hiding places and the aid of a dack lantern similar to to satisfy a feeling that I was in some my own. My own revolver was cov- way to meet again the man who had i It was anticipation of a rich hauf ering the place where his heart should so generously shared his spolls with me. True, he had found himself in The discovery must have been si- such a position that something had to hausted with several nights' unlucky multaneous, for we both flashed the be done to buy me off; but as I ventures, and my patience seemed light of our lanterns into each other's thought afterward, he could easily have face and gazed long and silently. Nei- outwitted me and escaped with all the

proached it I caught a glimpse of an "Well," I said finally, unwilling to active little man who seemed to be flickering light had disappeared. Then ness of your work. I haven't found a policemen whose shrewdness consists. I crept softly up to the house, and, thing behind you." chiefly in following a trail that is as

that he was not the kind of man to "We may as well call a truce. It capture a professional. I knew that a would be folly for either of us to shoot, bold front would disarm him of all bread and butter. I couldn't get any I don't want to get you in trouble any suspicion quicker than anything else, work in the city, and I thought the I had been struck by the fine, hand- neighborhood, he would very likely ar- | worse."

spoke in a well modulated, musical | Passing near the front of the house voice I was further puzzled. He did where he seemed busily engaged in studying the broken shrubbery, I ac- am at the end of my rope," I replied

he asked. "You see I have you covered "Is this the house that was robbed with my revolver and could kill you in last night?" I asked innocently, looking with great curiosity at the place. "Is it? Why, who said any house

trigger would send a bullet through. He gave me a hard stare, which I returned without seeming bold. "The papers are full of it," I replied his voice was steady and unquavering. "And, being out this way, I thought

> "Oh, you did, eh? Well, it isn't a "Why not? There are no burglars

here now, I hope. If there are, I'd He seemed to smile inwardly at my

"Well, nobody is allowed on the And so, if you haven't any business "But there is no barm looking at

the house from the street, is there?" "No, but the people don't want to be

ways, "I propose that we divide the 'ry in the country, so please move on." I hardly noticed his last remark, so interested was I by the appearance o and face that would attract attention steps and turned an instant to spear to her companion.

But, handsome as she was, the mar who followed her attracted me more and for an instant I felt myself grow ing dizzy. Fortunately for me the de tective had turned to greet the young couple, and he did not see my sudder

consternation. I never forget faces that I have one sion could well afford. particularly noticed. It is a part of my discipline to remember them. This one I had every reason to remember very well. Although I had only seer it by the aid of my dark lantern at night, I knew instantly that it belonget

to my companion in crime. He was handsomely dressed, and his clear cut features gave him an aristo cratic appearance that must have beet | man would permit. born in him. A slight pallor of the face suggested the possibility of some inherited disease that he was unable to control. As he walked alongside the beautiful woman I had to think what a noble couple they made. Each seemed made for the other.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, have you any clew yet?" I heard him say in his rick voice as he passed the detective.

"Only a slight one." was the ready reply. "It is difficult to find any traces only lady that's worthy such a man as apt pupil, for he nodded approval every that may point to anything particular but by putting this and that together ! think I will be able to have a clew be fore night."

I saw the gentleman smile, and I ad mired him for his coolness. He evi dently had no more confidence in the detective's shrewdness than I, and he was not courting fear unnecessarily. "How smart these detectives are.

Charles!" his companion said in all se

riousness, "They accomplish such won more of the relationship between the the barn, and so far as seeing nim was "A great honor to you, I am sure, hours of every one's best would be ders that I should think a robber would two young people, and I entered to his concerned I might as well have been but I should demand to be let into the something worth achieving, physically be in mortal terror of them all the natural weakness by encouraging him a hundred miles away. He went out secret now." time."

"Yes, Belle, they are sometimes shrewd, and again they are not. It all these parts Indeed if ye don't know of the house, where shrubbery and depends upon the man. This Mr. Jen- what ye ask me," he continued, with a trees hid them from view, kins seems to me like a very persistent shrug of the shoulder in reply to my I stayed in my place five days withand determined person, a sort of hu questions, man hound, but I doubt very much it he has much capacity for solving a one, but seein' ye're goin' to be one of verge of throwing up the position in his studies. He never lets me go be- for this achievement." profound mystery."

"You haven't much confidence in him, like to ye,"

"Yes and no," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

that I very foolishly exposed myself to first ancestors,

thinking.

manners.

said. there."

see you either." While I was speaking to the lady I enced.

"I judge you're another one of the sticks in each other's faces an' callin' curlosity seekers," he said pleasantly, one another liars, were a dime museum. There's nothing jest played together like brothers an' like a robbery to attract the attention sisters. When they was no bigger'n of the country people."

cern over our meeting piqued me a litdetermined to pursue a course that would arouse him.

His failure to show any signs of con-

"I confess that curiosity brought me here first," I answered, "but then I had



to come out into the country for my If he caught me sneaking about the country people couldn't treat me any

"Have you been out of work long? the lady asked.

"Yes, for nearly a month now, and I glibly.

"Poor fellow!"

Her eyes and words made me ashamed of myself. Only the night before I had robbed her house, and here I was eliciting sympathy from her. But I thought if I was a secundrel her companion was a worse one.

"Is there nothing we can do for Charles?" she asked, turning to him. This was a shot that I expected would make itself felt. But the pale, handsome face did not change.

"I don't know," he said slowly. Then

"Do you know anything about "Yes, sir," I replied quickly, "I've had a good deal of experience as a

groom and coachman." This was partly true and partly false. "Well, my groom has left me, and if you want to apply for the position call around at my house tonight. I live in the first house on the left down this

street." He pointed out his residence, but I was so taken aback by his affability and readiness to engage me that I nearly lost his words of instruction. I two people on the plazza. One was a recovered sufficiently, however, to recbeautiful young woman with a figur ognize the place before they moved on. tentive to her, an' he's got an air of head. Then the two took their seats, I heard their "good day" as one in a anywhere. She walked down the fron dream, and probably for the first time in my life politeness failed me. I actu-

ally forgot to thank either of them. been playing a part with wonderful her, I think he'd win. But he don't, success or he had failed to recognize an' the doctor does. Mr. Charles seems me. I was inclined to accept the latter to be standin' aside while this furrin as true, and he fell somewhat in my es- friend of his gets the girl an' all her timation. To forget a face so soon was something that no one of our profes-

CHAPTER III.



pumping of the coach. agitated silence.

"An easy man he is to get along with." my informant volunteered. "There ain't the likes of him anywhere else in the country. An' the sweet missus is jest as good. She's an angel, my wife says, if there ever was one." "You mean the lady he's engaged

to," I replied, "the one who lives over in the mansion that was robbed the other night?" "Exactly! Miss Belle Stetson, the my master."

How long have they been engaged and when are they to be married? "Now ye're goin' too fast. I didn't say they was engaged, did 19 And if about Charles Goddard, my new masthey ain't engaged I couldn't say when they're goin' to be married, could I? Some say they're engaged, an' others say they ain't. How do I know who's right?

to proceed.

the family I don't mind speakin' plain-He puffed noisily upon his black pipe sending the smoke upward in dense clouds. His name was John, and he They were walking down the pave claimed to be an Irish American; but, ment toward the gate as they talked, While he had lost much of his brogue, and so caper was I to hear their words he still retained all the loquacity of his

"Mr. Goddard comes from one of the As they came around a clump of oldest families of this country, an' old shrubbery they suddenly stumbled up. Dr. Stetson-God bless him, he was on me. I had just a moment in which a good man in his day-wasn't a bit to pull myself together and to doff my behind the Goddards. Eve often heerd the old folks arguin' about their an-"Excuse me, ma'am," I said without cestors. The doctor always said be came over in the Mayflower. I don't Politeness is a second nature to me. know much about the Mayflower, exfor I have associated with gentlemen cept what I've heerd the old doctor say, enough to know their ways and have but she must have been a pretty fine unconsciously absorbed some of their ship. She brought the doctor over-no the doctor's grandfather or great "Why, you frightened me," the lady grandfather, I don't just remember "I did not know anybody was which-an' he always said that was enough glory for any man. But old "I beg your pardon again then. Mr. Goddard would rile the doctor by ma'am. I was passing by, and I did not sayin' that he thought bein' a gentleman of France under King Louis was a greater honor an' that his ancestors was furtively watching the face of the | descended direct from kings an' curone she called Charles. I was a little perors. They couldn't agree noway, concerned to see how he would take an' they just made up long enough to the meeting. He was looking at me so pick a new quarrel. I've heerd tell impassively that I wondered if he rec- how they'd talk peaceful-like about ognized me. Such self control did not the politics of the country till they got seem possible even in the most experient organic about ancestors, and then in five minutes they'd be shakin' their

"We've had scores of them here this But this didn't seem to make no up to my knee they'd talk about lovin' one another an' about gettin' married. The old doctor and Mr. Goddard tle, and on the spur of the moment I laughed at this an' forgot to quarrel | honorable agreement, and I answered sometimes about their ancestors jest

to see the little ones makin' love. "They seemed to be born fur each other, an' everybody said they'd get married some day. But when Mr. Goddard died somebody said his son had hitch up the team and drive me over to Inherited his disease an' that he wasn't long fur this world. Nobody seemed to know fest what the disease was, but they said it was incurable an' some straight at my clothes. I divined his

thing not to be spoken lightly of. "But about that disease of Mr. Charles Goddard I ain't so sure. Old Dr. Stetson was quite riled about it, will fit." an' he said he wouldn't let his daughter marry any man that had it in his | lem. I will depend on you to be there system. Mr. Charles got angry an' in time." went away. He was gone for five years, an' folks bereabouts said the match was broken off. It did look that way fur a time.

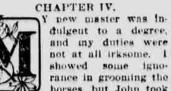
"But when the doctor died Mr. Charles turned up ag'in an' lived in the old house jest as if nothin' had ever admiring it. He was every inch a genhappened. He made up with the doctor's daughter, an' they've been corein double life was intensified. What reaan' goin' together ever since. There son had he to rob a house in the dead was hopes for a time that they'd make of night and that house belonging to a a match after all. But there ain't no woman he loved? tellin' jest what may happen. He nevlike, jest as if that disease was a-developin' an' takin' hold of him.

house. It's haunted, people round here that events might reveal more to me say, an' spirits come an' go every and give me a chance in time of assistnight. But young Dr. Squires don't ing Mr. Goddard in his trouble, for the mind that. He laughs at spirits an' truth was I had taken a strong liking says he ain't afraid of 'em. Besides, to him and wished to be near him. nin' after him. He's been studyin' Mr. lowering to call him that), who soon that will astonish the world. Then immorphate taste. His face was a trihe always said he was poor an' de paler than I had ever seen it before, couldn't afford to rent a good house. but otherwise he was unchanged. He got that house fur nothin', an' 1 guess Mr. Charles pays him well and booked forward with considerable

enough to live without starvin', Squires, fur he's a smart man an' does study the two together. shouldn't have gone on so with Miss the Stetson house and lightly ran up Stetson. He's good lookin', an' he the steps, taking two at a time. He ain't good lookin'. He's too dark an' was gone about fifteen minutes, during furrin lookin' to suit my tastes, but he which time I studied the house and

look like other men. Charles, He's always so polite an' at- me with a slight inclination of the mystery bout him that seems to charm and I drove them down the old country either. He knows which way the city. wind is a-blowin', but he don't do money. Mebbe it's because of that old disease. He's waitin' fur the doctor to cure him of it afore he asks her to

marry him. "But there ain't no harm of expressin' HAT night I spent on the place of Charles Goddard and made myself as familiar With this wise conclusion my new with his family his friend the coachman tinished his story tory as systematic and puffed away full ten minutes in



dulgent to a degree, and my duties were not at all irksome. I showed some ignorance in grooming the voice, horses, but John took pleasure in exhibiting his superior knowledge by showing me

just what to do. I must have been an time I attempted to do the work according to his directions. But I was not cut out for mental labor. It was the anticipation of finding out more ter and companion in crime, that had first tempted me to accept such a position as groom.

I soon found out, however, that he had skillfully banished me from his The man was only waiting to reveal Presence. He never appeared around

riding every day, but John hitched up "Ye must be a stranger around the horses and drove up to the front which no one could mistake,

out eatching a glimpse of my master as ignorant of his secrets as I am." "I wouldn't be a-tellin' it to every or of Miss Stetson, and I was on the



I was grooming his best trotter. disgust when events took a different turn. On the morning of the sixth da-Mr. Goddard appeared at the stable door where I was grooming his best

trotter and took me by surprise, "William, are you accustomed driving?" he asked me before I had a Tale, and they were gazing intently at chance to greet him with a good morn, the scenery on opposite sides of the and asked him who that wicked man" ing.

alone since that eventful night when we had robbed the Stetson mansion, and I was a little concerned to see if he would show any sign of recognition. His parting injunction had been that mined upon pursuing the same course even when we were alone,

I would not be outdone in keeping an him accordingly. "Yes, sir; I have driven good borses

a little." "Well, John is going to take the gray stallion to the city, and I want you to Miss Stetson's at 10 o'clock sharp." "Yes, sir. I'll be there on time."

He hesitated a moment, looking meaning. "I can put on John's clothes." I said. "We're about the same size, and they

"All right. That will solve the prob-

He walked burriedly out of the barn, Aecking the dust from his neatly fitting arousers with a riding whip. His figure was almost as perfect as the setting of his face, and I unintentionally fell to

Then it occurred to me that he had er seemed to be quite the same after been searching for some papers or articomin' home. He was pale an' quiet- cles that concerned his welfare and that the robbery of the silverware was only an incidental feature of the night's work. The goods were probably "He brought a doctor back with him taken out to cover up his tracks, to to look after his health. He'd met the give the impression that some ordinary man somewhere when he was travelin' burglar had done the work. Satisfied in Paris, I think-an' this fellow jet with this solution of the mystery, I dewatches Mr. Charles all the time. He termined to stay in my position as lives over there in that old brown groom for some time longer, hoping

he likes such a place, fur then people Promptly at 10 o'clock I raitled up to won't be botherin' him in his stud- the house with the team and waited ies. He don't like to have folks run- for my master (I did not consider it Charles' disease an' is writin' a book appeared on the piezza dressed with

I liked the new duties assigned to me interest to the outcome of the ride. I "I ain't makin' no criticism of Dr. would at least have an opportunity to Charles plenty of good, but he He dismounted at the front door of

makes an impression on the ladies. I the various windows which opened suppose they likes a man that don't upon rooms in which I must have been. Miss Stetson appeared more beauti-"I gin't certain but Miss Stetson ful than ever that morning, confirmlikes him better now than she does Mr. ing my first impression. She noticed

her. Mr. Charles ain't blind to things road in the opposite direction from the Throughout the interview he had nothin'. If he'd go in an' try to get after we had covered a mile they be For a time they remained silent, but gan to converse in monosyllables. This In time yielded to more animated conversation, conducted in an undertone that made hearing very difficult. I have always prided myself upon my good hearing, and it is due to the acuteness of this sense that I caught any of the conversation. As they became wrapped raised their voices a trifle. As near as I could hear the important part of their

> conversation was as follows: "I wish Dr. Squires would leave that old haunted house," Miss Stetson was saying. "It makes me feel cold and clammy every time I pass it, and what must it be to live in it all the time!" "Probably very disagreeable, espe-

> Mr. Goddard replied quietly. "Or to one of your nature." she answered, with a rising intonation of her

cially to one of your temperament,"

"But Dr. Squires does not seem mind it," he added, unmoved. "I have offered to let him have a room in my house, but he prefers to stay where he is. He says he cannot pursue his investigations so well anywhere else." tions? He is so mysterious about them

that my curiosity is excited."

you." "I have, but he always puts me off tells me to wait until some day when he is ready to announce his discovery to the world. Then he will tell me the

"Why do you not aspire to the same honor?" she asked in sharp, piqued new world hour than the long Eurotones. "I understand that you are just

"Yes, I am. I know nothing about youd his office, which is on the ground floor in front, but then there is no special reason why he should take me into his secrets." "Isn't be a friend of yours, and didn't

you bring him here?" "I brought him here, but not as a friend. I understood that he was skilled in certain lines, and I brought in the trenches were very numerous; him here as a medical adviser. I am but on Good Friday only one man was

"You talk very differently from what a soldier pointed out to the chaptain you did six months ago. There was the wonderful markings on the dead nothing too good for you to say about man's breast. There was tattooed a "I'm saying nothing against him

now. I merely disclaim responsibility

for him except as a medical adviser." "I do not think he needs you as a sponsor for his character," was the sharp rejoinder. "I'robably not." The quietness of the reply added How It Affected a Model, the Artist fuel to the fire, and the silence which followed was no indication of their

to pick it up I caught a momentary glimpse of their faces. They were both During the rest of the ride very little such a terrible punishment. conversation was carried on between | The artist suffled at her ignorance them, and I had ample time to think and fold her that the men nafled to the and reflect. The result of my cogita- cross was not wicked, but good above tions was that I determined to pay Dr. all good men in the world. Squires a visit and see what I could

we should not know each other again discover of his secret studies and inmorning, staring at the house as if it difference with their children. They unless we met under conditions similar vestigations. Following the natural to our first encounter. A glance at his bent of my mind, I of course decided face showed that he was still deter- to make the visit in the dead of night her questions rather grudgingly anand unannounced. Something more swered by the patner, who had no than ghosts and spirits would be re- real Christian sympathy-that she got quired to keep me off the premises her first knowledge of the Saviour of where there was any chance of making mankind. Noting her employer's lack a good haul or of discovering any of feeling, she said to him one day: secrets that might be turned to good

> account later. CTO BE CONTINUED.)

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. None Worth the Reading.

Critic, but where is the book for the and a worshiper of the Crecided. "healthy," full of fine spirit and life. But the girl-what does she read? The feeblest, thinnest, most colorless lucubrations that it is given to the mind of of the painting. This time he could misguided man to conceive or to per- speak to her as a Christian. petuate. It must be this or else the literature of the adult, and surely the the poor Bohemians too?" novels written for mature minds, for mon and women who have some knowledge of the world and powers of discrimination, are not good reading in any sense of the word for a sixteenyear-old girl in the formative period of

But for all the great parade and prating of emancipated women it nevertheless remains a fact that the great majurity of twentieth century opinion is virtually oriental in its conception of the young girl. The world today is a world for boys, men and women. Of all humans the young girl, the sixteenyear old. Is the least important, or at least is so deemed. Wanted-a champion; wanted the discoverer and poet of the very young girl. Unimportant she may now appear to you, who may yet call her by her first name without fear and without reproach. But remember this, you who believe only in a world of men and boys and womenthe very young girl of today is the woman of tomorrow, the wife of the day after and the mother of next week She only needs to put up her hair and let down her frocks to become a very Important person indeed.

Meanwhile she has no literature; meanwhile, faute de mieux, she is trying to read Ouida and many other books intended for maturer minds, or. worse than all, she is enfeebling her mind by the very thin gruel purveyed by the mild mannered gentlemen and Indies who write stories for girls. Here is a bad business; here is a field that needs cultivation. All very well to tend and train the saplings, the oaks and the vines. The flowers they have not bloomed yet-are to be thought

The professor of Latin in a New England school has until within six months claimed that stories of New England dialect were absurdly exacgerated, but a few months ago a hy ing refutation of his views arrived in the person of a New Hampshire maiden of stern aspect who had been en-

gaged for general housework. The professor's study is a good sized room, and, as he is fond of plenty of ery.- Boston Post. air, be finds three windows and a door no more than sufficient to provide current. When the new handmaiden up in their talk they unconsciously had been in the family a week, she passed through the hall one cool morning and stopped at the door of the

study. "Do you wish anything?" asked the professor, roused by a dry cough from

the doorway. "Well. I don't want to be forthputting," said the New Hampshire maiden in a firm but pleasant to e, "but it does seem as if you were sealing in a complete draft. Don't you want the door cluz or the windows shet or leastways the curtains drew?" - Youth's Companion.

Two Hours' Work a Day.

Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain says

in the Popular Science Monthly: "It has been argued that two bours' physical labor per diem would suffice were

"What are his studies and investiga- the product economically distributed to keep the whole world well supplied, so great has been the advance in labor saving machinery, methods of trans-"Ask him, and he will probably tell portation, etc. Is it altogether unreasonable to suppose that two hours' intellectual work, under right conditions and with economic distribution of the product, would suffice to keep the whole world supplied here also? Two

and intellectually. An end something There was a little frony in his voice like this is the ideal to which things are bound to tend. Some post of the future may be able to sing, 'Better the pean day.' The racial nervousness of the American people, nonpathological in reality, is perhaps the groundwork

A curious incident in the siege of Wepener is related by the chaplain who was present with the forces throughout those terrible days. The siege, it will be remembered, lasted all through holy week, and the casualties responsible for nothing more than killed and as this single victim of the holy day was being laid to rest at night really beautiful picture of the crucifixion, and the builet that had reached the heart of the soldier had pierced the heart of the figure of the Saviour.

and a Nobleman.

A poor Bohemian gypsy girl of refeelings. I dropped the whip purposely markable beauty was employed by a on the seat back of me, and in turning German artist to sit for one f his "studies." In his studio she saw an unfinished painting of the cruciaxion

From that time her interest in the was utterly untaught, and it was by

The remark fastened itself in the artist's mind. The death of Christ had appealed to him as a pictorial tracedy. The divine life of Jesus bad pever A Critic Who Declares There Are touched him. The ignorant Bobemian girl had presented the subject to him Where are the books for girls? Adults' in another way, and it would not let books there are and books for boys by him rest till be sought religious counthe carload, says Frank Norris in the sel and ultimately became a servant

"I should think you would love him

if he died for you."

young girls? Boys' books, tales of he finished the picture, and it was hunting, adventure and sport, abound. hung in the Dueseldorf gallery, with They are good books, too, sane, this inscription; "I did this for thee. What hast thou done for me?" Some time afterward he met his

"Menter" she said "did he die to:

former model there, weeping in front

"Yes." And the Man of Galflee had one dis cipie more. A few months later, dwing in a cynes camp not far from the city, the girl

sent for the artist and thanked bim. "I am going to him now," she said. Years afterward a frivoious young nobletuan looked on the same picture, and the study of it and the rebuking puthos of its inscription so moved and induenced him that he consecrated himself to the service of God. The

young man was Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian church. The benediction to the world of a noble and uplifting picture is but fee hly measured by the few examples that ever attain publication. It can teach the tenorant it can rebuke the immoral. it can inspire the devout and thoughtful, and it can preach the supreme truth which St. Paul declared to his only message and his last en-

thuslam .- Youth's Companion. Carlo Crivelli's famous painting of Christ, entitled "Deposition From the tross," has been added to the picture galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts. on Copley square.

a private collection of paintings in ft-Three-fourths of the cost of the painting was paid by a contributor who refused to make his name known, white

and represents the dead Christ, the Blossed Virgin, St. John and Mary Magdalone. At the bottom on the frame is signed "Opus Carlo Crivelli, 1486." At the top of the picture is a wreath of fruit.

larly bright. Behind the body of Christ is hung an elaborately decorated piece of embroid-

America Always Leads.

"If the people of England knew how beautiful the public buildings in the United States are and how superior American hotels are, the amount of travel to this country would be many times as great as it is at present," said a Londoner to an interviewer in Washington the other day. "I am on a tour of the world. When I landed in New York, I did not expect to find much of interest to me. That city was a series of surprises. Its modern buildings, with perfect elevator service and every convenience, made a great impression on me. I did not expect to find any buildings in this country which would compare with those of the old world in architecture, but a ride through the streets of Washington was enough to convince me that my kless of America were very erroneous. The cepttol, Congressional library and other government buildings are as beautiful as any buildings in the world, and their interiors surprise all Europeans. It takes the Yankee to equip a building with ev-

No need to fear sudden attacks of holera intentum, dysentery, diarrhoummer complaint of any sort if you h Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry

The background of the painting is in gold, as is the dress of Mary Magda-

The painting was finished in 1485 and was brought to the museum from

the museum paid the remainder of the The painting is on a wooden panel

lene and the halo of the dead Christ. The colors of the dresses are particu-

ery possible convenience."

A Curious Incident.

## -London Globe.

A CONSECRATED PICTURE.